



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 10. 1st December, 1941.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

Summer Meeting, 1941



First Day

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20

Principal Event, THE VILLIERS STAKES



Second Day

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26

Principal Event, THE SUMMER CUP

WARWICK FARM RACES

To be held on RANDWICK RACECOURSE



WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

DECEMBER 3rd and 6th, 1941

ALL RACES DESCRIBED IN RUNNING THROUGH AMPLIFIERS

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 10



1st December, 1941

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 27th December, 1941 (in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W.), and on Thursday, 1st January, 1942.

The Club Man's Diary

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 7th, Mr. F. Z. Eager; 8th, Mr. E. A. S. Watt; 10th, Mr. A. J. McDowell; 12th, Mr. W. Gourley; 13th, Mr. E. S. Pratt; 18th, Mr. G. S. Applegate; 20th, Mr. E. W. King; 25th, Mr. W. S. Sherman; 26th, Mr. J. Blume; 28th, Mr. M. Gearin; 29th, Mr. E. J. Hazell; 30th, Mr. C. S. Brice.

* * *

HISTORY tells us that the Golden Age of every nation, and of the nations, has been that within the recurring cycle of peace. Not when peace has lasted too long, or so long as to provide a surfeit of luxury and ease; but while memory still is seared with the wrack of war. Peace and its benefactions then are not taken for granted; and none believes, in the presence of so much ruin, that the world may be legislated into being wholesome.

While the realists and the cynics thrive, the blessings of peace are capitalised. It is only when the sentimentalists take over that such blessings are bankrupted and humanity sets off chimera-chasing toward the abyss.

* * *

Thus I do not intend to hand round sentimental Christmas greetings, but rather to appeal seriously to all to realise this Christmas as a time of crisis, calling for service and sacrifice in the form and in the measure as we find ourselves best able to contribute.

This club, through its members, has been in the forefront of the nation's war effort since the beginning. Through its members it intends so to remain by applying its best efforts, and by continuing as a rallying point for loyalty to the national cause.

All cannot give the service of those gallant fellows of our membership, their sons and their daughters, who are on the fighting fronts. But there is some service, however small, that everybody may do that we, and the race of Man, may continue to walk in the light of freedom.

The Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund will benefit by the sum of the net proceeds from Carrington Stakes day, December 27. This is in keeping with the club's policy, since the outbreak of war, to devote the proceeds from race meetings to patriotic funds, hospitals and charitable institutions.

Tattersall's Club Cup will be the principal event on the second day's programme on New Year's day, 1942. The first Cup was run in 1868—74 years ago.

Proceeds of the New Year Eve dance, in the club room on the evening of Wednesday, December 31, will be devoted to the club's patriotic funds and war charities.

Tickets for the New Year Eve dance are £1/1/-. These may be purchased and reservations made at the club office. Early application is essential, as this popular function usually is booked out weeks ahead.

* * *

The Sydneysiders did their money at the Melbourne Cup meeting. That is speaking generally. The winners, or those who held their own, from first to last, were few, very few.

That is the report from one of the contingent that went south. He told me that there were not a few like Alf Collins who supported Skipton, but only as a second string, meaning not for sufficient to recoup losses on Laureate (among others) and have a fair surplus to play up.

Win or lose, Mr. Collins was emphatic on this point: Skipton is the finest staying colt in many years, and, if he keeps going, should approach the stature of Phar Lap more closely than any other since the passing of the "red terror."

"That is high praise," I suggested. "I mean it all," he answered. "Not only did I see Skipton win—and how!—but I looked him over next day at the stables of his trainer."

"Well," I put in, "somebody who should know told me that the great horse of the 1942 racing season would be Rimveil, and to be sure to keep backing him."

"I suppose it's largely a matter of opinion," Alf said, "but I will plump for Skipton."

* * *

Another of the returned Sydneysiders whose opinion I value suggested in conversation that Laureate would loom largely in the picture, adding: "He is better than his run in the V.R.C. Derby might suggest."

What happened to Galliard in the Cup? His joint owners, Reg. Allott and Bill Dawes, were there to see him run. His second in the A.J.C. Derby had raised expectations. "Galliard is classy, but he didn't seem to be able to handle the left-hand going," another member told me.

* * *

S. O. Beilby Snr. and his son, S. O., had the mortification of seeing their filly, Two's Company, run two close placings. S. O. Jnr, who is a sergeant in the forces had to return from Melbourne by air so as not to overstay his leave.

George Epstein knew something faster than anything—he had just returned from a trip to the U.S.A., clipper each way.

George Dunwoodie secured accommodation early, this time. Previously he had wired a Melbourne friend: "Secure me room, stable, kennel or sty."

Vincent O'Reilly was wired from a good source in Sydney to support Spearman and the Giant Killer, with first preference the former. Vince stacked it on the latter and nursed 100 to 3 Spearman. From the same source Vince was advised to back Maikai in the race that the old 'un won, but again neglected to take the oil.

George Chiene told me that he would want to see something more of Skipton before stamping him with greatness—but the colt had finished like a true stayer.

Mr. J. G. O'Brien recalls a Melbourne Cup scene of 51 years ago—that of 1890, when the great Carbine won:

"It's a long time to look back measured by the yardstick of the years, but it doesn't seem so distant when the memory is revived by the atmosphere and the excitement capped by a broadcast, as on the latest occasion when Skipton won. I was only a school boy when I saw Carbine put up his great performance—how great may be realised from this factual record: weight, 10 st. 5 lbs.; time, 3 min. 28½ secs.; 39 starters. Add to the greatness of the achievement, the greatness of the day—perfect weather and a crowd which (I believe) set up a record.

"The scene takes shape once more as I write: Carbine is the first horse to step on to the course for his preliminary. 'Ah, there's Carbine!' swells into a chorus. As the bay son of Musket walks casually past the lawn the crowd cheers and cheers. Hero worship, indeed. Carbine takes it all calmly, as if race patrons are but conferring on the King of Race-horses no more than his Royal due.

"And then . . .

"They're off! I see it again: As the huge field thunders past the stand, first time, Carbine is running about 10th or 12th, pulling strongly. He is held in that position until the turn into the straight. By then he has been moved into the first half-dozen. Two furlongs from the finish it is plain to all that he is winning as he likes. Ramage merely shakes the whip and, showing his mighty reserve, Carbine draws away to win by two or three lengths.

"I will let my memory fade out with the scene. The light weight of the second horse, the high weight given him subsequently, are history.

"When Carbine was entered for the next Melbourne Cup he was awarded the steadier of 10 st. 12 lbs. The great, game fellow was withdrawn a week or so before the race because (I believe) of a split hoof. Later he was bought by the Duke of Portland and sired many great horses. The last we saw of Carbine as The

Club Man recalled in a recent issue of this magazine—was on the screen, about 1910.

"I noticed in an old newspaper file that the grand dam of Musket (Carbine's sire) had won an English Derby, and that she was named West Australian. Strangely enough Musket's dam was unnamed, and appeared simply as West Australian's daughter."

What a festive Sydney reveller wrote on the back of a cigarette packet when a frog leapt across his path as he came home in the dawn:

*What a wonderful bird the frog are.
When he sit he stand almost.
When he hop he fly almost.
He ain't got no sense neither hardly.
He ain't got no tail hardly neither.
And, when he sit, he sit on
What he ain't got almost.*

A note from Mr. F. P. Robinson which we publish with an assurance that we share his pride:

"I read in Tattersall's magazine for November of the splendid examples set by sons of our members. My son, Bob, did something similar. At the age of 22 he had only one more subject to pass to become a chartered accountant. Although the examination was only 3 months off, he told his mother and I that it was far more important that he should join up with the A.I.F. than wait for the final. As he had passed so easily in his previous examinations we had no doubt that he would now be fully qualified had he delayed enlisting for three months. However, he decided to do his duty, and enlisted 15 months ago."

A magician travelling across the Atlantic to Europe spent most of his time entertaining his fellow passengers with wonderful feats of magic. One day he promised his audience an especially fine trick. He rolled back his sleeves to show he had nothing concealed, and smiled benignly. He was planning to make 12 rabbits appear where none had been before, but as he finished his magic

phrase, "Faren, faren wasen ribil," the boat struck a mine. It sank immediately with all hands. The only survivor was the captain's parrot, which circled about the spot where the ship had sunk and muttered: "What a silly trick that was!"

A Bridge player who fractured the jaw of a partner trumping his ace says he is sorry. He didn't realise his hand was so strong.

Beaverbrook, who is now next to Churchill in power, relates in Vol. II of his "Politicians and the War," how Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, first lost the confidence of the wavering Prime Minister Asquith with what was known as the Dunkirk Circus. He had been asked by Marshal Joffre, through Kitchener, whether a brigade of marines could not be sent to Dunkirk to reinforce the garrison and probably confuse the enemy as to British activities.

The First Lord organised an expedition consisting of marines as infantry and a regiment of yeomanry as cavalry, with a fleet of motor buses and private motor cars armed with Maxims. This extraordinary unit landed at Dunkirk and to the wonderment of both the British and French high command, dashed about the Belgian countryside, in and out of towns and villages, until General French was ordered by Mr. Asquith to lay his hands on the circus and take it out of circulation.

Asquith had first consented to this manoeuvre, then was amused by it, and finally became highly irritated. Churchill's position was much weakened by an episode for the initiation of which he had little responsibility.

Captain W. H. Crowther made the headlines in the "Sydney Morning Herald" of 4/11/41 in a picturesque narrative of his signal service in command of Qantas airliners. He had piloted the flying boat which ar-

(Continued on Page 5.)

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BY APPOINTMENT TO **HIS** MAJESTY THE KING

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

rived at Rose Bay after having completed the first round trip from Sydney to Karachi to be carried out by Qantas since the company entered into the arrangement to operate the flying boat service beyond Singapore. Capt. Crowther has been in charge of Qantas airliners since 1935, and his record is a truly magnificent one.

* * *

In the U.S.A. they tell of a race track so crooked that the stewards give the broadcaster a saliva test before every race to see if he has been "hopped up."

* * *

"Long John" Logan is no more of our club company, and that distresses us, for he was a good partner at dominoes, and there was nothing in the wide world about which he seemed to have a grouch. He had a greeting for all, and a glowing personality that attracted men to him. Only recently I had written that

he retained the springy gait that proclaimed the champion runner of his youth. John was 80 at the end, and he had been a member of this club since 19/8/1895.

Another lost to us by death was John Stanislaus English, kindly and forthright, whose gap will be hard to fill.

* * *

There is a renewed reaching out for something to hang to in this old world to-day. For those in search of spiritual ballast I recommend the prophet Isaiah, who declared unto those who had faith:

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.

* * *

John Christian Watson, former Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, had great reserves of force stowed away behind a quiet personality. He drew the controversial

lance reluctantly, but, once having drawn it, scarcely touched with the softness credited to Ithuriel. All through his life he was an idealist, but not of the sort that lives in the clouds. His ideals served only as a prelude to realism. Because of that he achieved much.

* * *

They call him simply Bob Foley, although his initials are impressively H. R. H. The Bobs seem to be the friendly blokes of life. The Bills are plain enough in moniker, and common enough in number, but I always associate with them an underlying vehemence. The Georges are magisterial, and the Johns often court aloofness. Take this as a personal opinion, please, committing in no sense the policy of our magazine. And as to the fancy names, you may make your own studies.

Bob Foley was down from his Bomalli property, Walgett, recently. His late father, a much-liked sportsman, raced many a good 'un, including Gíru. Bob's brother Bill, also raced horses.



NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE

Wednesday, 31st December, 1941

In aid of Tattersall's Club Patriotic Funds and
War Charities

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GLORY ON THE HILL

*Pray charge your glasses, gentlemen,
And drink to Harrow's honor.
May Fortune still attend the Hill,
And Glory rest upon her.*

To Old Harrovians it seems more than a matter of pride that Winston Churchill should have gone to Harrow. It seems inevitable. But when small, red-haired, freckled Spencer Churchill, W. L., as he was known on the register, attended the school 50 years ago the Harrow community did not entirely approve of him. Some of the masters and the more model boys felt that he was scarcely the son of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, then at the peak of his Parliamentary career. Young Churchill was careless with the school's traditions, which have the flexibility of the Swiss Alps. His marks were only middling and he disliked the classics, then the *sine qua non* of Harrovian scholarship.

But for most of Harrow young Churchill performed the miracle of being highly popular while remaining an individual. His Headmaster, the late J. E. C. Welldon, who became Bishop of Calcutta, noted the 14-year-old boy's "love and veneration" for the English language. He quoted Shakespeare by the scene.

Young Churchill wrote to his mother. "I am making my room very pretty and 'chic' with lots of silk 'draperies.' We want it to be the prettiest room in the house." But the esthete also kept silk worms that munched on mulberry leaves he brought from a near-by yard. He tinkered with carpenter's tools. He

kept two dogs, against the school rules, and walked them at night with his friend, the town detective. Once he manufactured a time bomb to blow out a well bottom which was supposed to lead to an underground passage. When he peered down the well to see why the bomb didn't go off, it did, and young Churchill's face was badly scorched. In his last school year he won the Public Schools Fencing Competition at Aldershot.

In the face of such transparent manliness, most of Harrow could forgive young Churchill nearly everything. Writes Vicar Edgar Stogdon of Harrow, who was at school with young Churchill: "If your mother wrote to ask if she could come down to see you, you told her what hat to wear, and if her figure was beyond the accepted standard, you suggested postponement. . . . Mr. Winston Churchill invited his old nurse down . . . to her intense happiness; she arrived in an old poke bonnet, her figure had attained ample proportions, and Mr. Churchill walked arm-in-arm with her in the street! It is about the nicest thing a Harrow boy has ever done!"

Though London's suburbs have thickened around it, Harrow school has changed little since young Churchill's time. In *Winston Churchill and Harrow* it is observed: "To many Old Harrovians the greatest change in Harrow school life in the past fifty years—apart from the advanced curriculum of modern days—

is the abolition of private tuck shops." This occurred 30 years ago.

Winston Churchill has remained as unorthodox an Old Harrovian as he was a young one. At his last visit to the school in December 1940, he said: "Herr Hitler, in one of his recent discourses . . . declared that the fight was between those who had been through the Adolf Hitler schools and those who had been at Eton. Hitler had forgotten Harrow, and he had also overlooked the vast majority of the youth of this country who have never had the privilege of attending such schools . . . When this war is won . . . it must be one of our aims to work to establish a state of society where the advantages and privileges which hitherto have been enjoyed only by the few, shall be far more widely shared by the men and the youth of the nation as a whole."

But Old Harrovians are still able to take such heterodoxy—from Winston Churchill. He is, after all, an Old Harrovian himself, a present day "Glory on the Hill." Harrow's Headmaster A. Paul Boissier writes that he has been told that often "on occasions when affairs looked over-black, Mr. Churchill . . . would sing an appropriate verse or two from one of the (Harrow) songs and then get back to business." Recently the Harrovians have given Old Harrovian Churchill a new stanza to the old *Stet Fortuna Domus* to sing if he wishes:

*While in the fight to guard the Right
Our country to defend, Sir,
Here grim and gay we mean to stay,
And stick it to the end, Sir.*

—"Time."

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

ANNUAL RACE MEETING

Randwick Racecourse

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 27th DECEMBER, 1941

(In aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of New South Wales.)

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE HIGHWEIGHT HANDICAP

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. For all horses. To be ridden by licensed jockeys or apprentices who have completed the Course in any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase at any registered meeting within the last twelve months. Lowest handicap weight, 9st. Nomination £1; acceptance £3/10/-. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1941, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9. SIX FURLONGS. (Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, 17th November.)

THE ENCOURAGE HANDICAP

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. ONE MILE.

THE PACE WELTER

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £3/10/-. ONE MILE.

THE DENMAN HANDICAP

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

SECOND DAY : THURSDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1942

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. For Three-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £3/10/-. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE JUVENILE STAKES

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-old Colts and Geldings. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE NURSERY HANDICAP

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-old Fillies. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE FLYING WELTER

A Handicap of £450; second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £3/10/-. SIX FURLONGS.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

A Handicap of £1,300; second £200, and third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1941, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £12. ONE MILE AND A HALF. (Nominations closed at 4 p.m. on Monday, 17th November.)

THE TRIAL STAKES

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Three-year-olds and upwards which have never, at time of starting, won a Flat Race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. For apprentice riders only who have not ridden thirty winners. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. ONE MILE.

THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP

A Handicap of £400; second £60, third £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £3. ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 8th DECEMBER, 1941.

Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES—In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a Handicap Flat Race after the declaration of weights, viz., when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lbs.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights to be declared as follows:—

For The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup at 10 a.m. on Monday, 1st December;

For Minor Events First Day, at 9 p.m. on Saturday, 20th December; and

For Minor Events Second Day, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, 27th December, 1941.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all Races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 3 p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1941; and

For all Races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 1 p.m. on Monday, 29th December, 1941.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting, and the time for taking nominations, declarations of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances; and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

Palace Theatre Memories

(By E. J. Gravestock)

Any memory of the Palace Theatre, Sydney, would be incomplete without mention of the late Harrie Skinner, who was in charge of its destinies for the George Adams estate. He knew the theatre game and all its pitfalls. It was not a question of just signing on the dotted line with him; the signature had to be backed with something more solid, and few lessees of the Theatre got the better of him. Perhaps there is something in a name after all. My first memory of the Palace goes back to Sydney James and The Strollers, that delightful little band of English entertainers which attracted good audiences to the Palace for several weeks way back in 1915. Syd James was, of course, a tower of strength, but many will remember the fascinating dusky charmer, Madeline Rossiter, a first rate artist, a splendid dancer, delightful singer, and, to cap it all, the possessor of a lovely sense of comedy. Gwen Lewis, the very English singer of songs at the piano; Mena Brae, an experienced all-round entertainer; G. W. Desmond, the droll comedian and dancer; Cyril Northcote, the utility man of enormous girth, who is still around Melbourne, and his girth is more enormous than ever; Arthur Frost, the imperturbable snub-nosed Yorkshire pianist, and, of course, "Billy," Syd's wonderful ventriloquial doll. James invested "Billy" with a personality that definitely made him a member of the troupe; he never gave the same performance twice, with a thread of routine. "Billy" would hold forth on his experiences, which were usually those of James himself. The rest of the Company had to be on the *qui vive*, as "Billy" would usually drag some of them into the discussion. I never missed this part of the programme, and used to slip into one of the stalls boxes, but "Billy" used to spot me, and with a "look out, Gravey's in the box," he used to put over a few gags at my expense. Later Sydney James and Jack Waller joined forces, and put on

at the Palace "Look Who's Here," a "kaleidoscopic extravaganza." Whatever that might mean, it was a jolly good show. Jack Waller went on to fame and fortune to become one of London's most successful theatrical managers, but, alas, poor old Syd James continued his wanderings, finally to end his days in India, mourned by thousands to whom he had given many happy hours.

One of the biggest Theatrical successes of the J. and N. Tait management, and one which undoubtedly led eventually to their securing control of J. C. Williamson Ltd., was that of J. Hartley Manners' popular comedy "Peg o' My Heart," which made its first appearance in Australia at the Palace. "Peg" had made a big hit in London and New York, and there was keen competition for the Australian rights. Tait's were successful, and it turned out a very profitable investment for them. Sara Allgood played the title role, and I see that this talented actress is still acting in films in America, also on the legitimate stage. I saw her in New York about 13 years ago, when she was appearing with the famous Abbey Players from Dublin. A company of these talented artists, incidentally, were one of the biggest "flops" that ever came to this country.

Do you remember "Turn to the Right," the successful American play of the crooks who reformed and became financial magnates? Walter P. Richardson was leading man, John Junior and Stapleton Kent, the two crooks, and do you remember the two young girls, Francee Anderson and Nancye Stewart? Francee Anderson went to America, changed her name to Judith Anderson, and became one of the finest dramatic actresses America has ever known. To-day her name is one to conjure with in New York or Hollywood. It is unfortunate that when she came back to Australia in "Cobra," "Tea for Three," and other plays, she was not accorded the welcome she deserved, but it may have been that the plays

were not the type Australians liked in those days. Nancye Stewart, daughter of Nellie Stewart, is to-day one of the best known voices on the A.B.C. Broadcasting stations.

Theatre-goers will doubtless have happy memories of that fine English actress, Emilie Polini, who made her first appearance in Australia at the Palace in "De Luxe Annie," a crook drama from America with an unusual twist. Those who saw the play will remember that the heroine suffered from loss of memory (amnesia to the doctors) and got mixed up with a gang of crooks. "My Lady's Dress" was another fine play which gave Miss Polini great scope for her versatility. Motoring with Miss Polini and her husband, Lieut. Hal Ellis, over Mona Vale way one Sunday, we had a narrow escape from a nasty accident. Ellis, who was not a very experienced driver, was at the wheel, and we suddenly found ourselves running over the side of an embankment at the side of the hill. Fortunately, before we had gained any momentum, a tree stump caught the front axle and pulled us up with a jerk. We all escaped with a slight shaking, but lots of publicity for our "star," as the Sydney papers were glad to have my vivid story.

"Very Good Eddie," the first of the musical plays Tait's brought out, featuring the quaint combination of Barry Lupino and the diminutive American actress, Fayette Perry. Barry had, of course, made a big name here as a comedian with the J.C.W. pantomimes, and was a first rate performer. There was a fine bunch of Australian girls in this show, typical well-developed Australians. Some of the names I remember, the two sisters, Lalla and Kath de Baere, Maud Rowley and Eileen Cottey. They were as striking a looking lot of girls as you would see anywhere. Andrew Higginson, of "Merry Widow" fame, was in the cast, but he never seemed to do anything within "coo-ee" of his Danilo.

(Continued on Page 11.)

CONCERNING BUNKERS

"Sandy Tee"

Associates who have visited England tell us the bunkers there are more difficult than in Australia, and I agree with them.

Speaking of championship courses, such as Prestwick, Westward Ho! and Sandwich, many of the bunkers are of large extent. Take the 4th hole at Westward Ho! The carry from the tee is about 175 yards, the bunker being about 150 yards across, and on the far side you climb up steps on to the fairway. Apart from these big natural hazards, the smaller bunkers are much deeper than here, more often than not only the head and shoulders of a player being visible when he is playing out. In fact, many bunkers have steps for players' exit, nor is it always possible to play for the hole, but back on to the fairway.

In the larger bunkers that are shored up with railway sleepers to prevent the sand being blown away, it is often safest to play back, in case the ball rebounding back hits the player. One hole of this class at

Prestwick cost James Braid nine strokes.

Many of the so-called bunkers here are not bunkers, but traps. That they are too shallow is proved by players being able to use a putter to get out. Bunkers guarding a green should be so constructed as to render this kind of thing impossible.

Another point is, the sand should not be raked too smooth. In America they rib and furrow the sand and compel you to play a bunker shot. Before a tournament in Scotland, after heavy rain, the bunkers are often dug over and left rough. On damp courses where bunkers cannot be made deep, a bank should be built up guarding the hole.

James Braid in his book advises making a draw in to bunkers through the course, that is, sloping the ground round the approach side. Thus a comparatively small hazard catches many balls.

This is not the place to explain bunker play, but many players would find it to their advantage to devote

some time to bunker practice, like the American who came to England and wrote to his wife that he had hired a bunker for private practice.

I would just like to touch on play out of water in a hazard. If the ball is not actually submerged it is not difficult to get it away, sometimes a considerable distance. In playing out of sand you generally hit rather behind the ball, but in water you must make direct contact with the ball, for if the club hits the water first, the ball moves and the shot is spoilt. Use an upright swing. This applies equally to long grass and heather.

Returning to bunkers, I take the short 16th hole at Westward Ho!, length, 138 yards. The green is almost an island, with a deep bunker in front and a deeper one behind. When a player has a good score for the fifteen holes and does not want to risk spoiling it near the finish, say in hard dry weather, he does not attempt to pitch on the green for a possible two with a risk of six or perhaps seven, but plays the tee shot short of the first bunker, then chips over and gets a three. Thus the head and the club combine.

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Palace Theatre Memories

(Continued from Page 9.)

It was during this season that the Orchestra went on strike. We started off with an orchestra of 17 players, and it was found that this was too large for the Theatre, and we wished to cut down to 15, but "Widdy" O'Brien, the secretary of the Musicians' Union, told us that the Orchestra of 17 would have to stay for the season; "17 or none" was his ultimatum. We decided to try our strength, and said "15 or none," with the result that on the Saturday we had "none." However, the curtain had to go up, so with the aid of a pianist and Barry Lupino hopping over the footlights occasionally to give the drums a whack for good measure, we got through the show. On Monday peace was declared, and we went along merrily. Barry figured in several shows at the Palace, "The White Chrysanthemum," a musical play of very old London vintage, two pantomimes with dear old Bert Bailey, but the Barry Lupino I met a few years later in New York was a very different person. He had lost all his spontaneous cheerfulness and energy, and had become very studious and religious. Whether fortune had dealt hardly with him or not, I didn't know, but at that time he was playing a very minor role in a New York show. Barry and his wife, Gertie Latchford, who played in several shows in Australia with him, and

Gladys Moncrieff and her husband were all sharing a flat together. Gladys was sparring for an opening in New York after her English appearances, but the Fullers made her such an attractive offer to come to Australia to play "Rio Rita" that she decided that "East, West, Hame's best."

Probably the biggest business ever done at the Palace by a Theatrical company was that done by Guy Bates Post and his American Company, which was brought out by the Taites. They only played two pieces, "The Masquerader" and "The Nigger," two very powerful dramas, and Post set a standard of acting which ranks with the best in this country. "The Masquerader" was based on the novel "John Chilcote, M.P.," in which Post played a dual role, a kind of Jekyll and Hyde part, one a drug-sodden character, and the other a virile young journalist who took up the role of his cousin, John Chilcote, in Parliament. It was in this show that movable stages were first introduced here, and it was an eye-opener to see Post making a rapid change of clothes standing on a moving platform being swung into position. In one particular scene Post had to switch with a "stand in," so that he could make a complete change of dress, and those of us who knew how it was done enjoyed the astonishment of the audiences who had apparently witnessed a miracle. Post as the

drug-sodden John Chilcote laid down on a couch up-stage, and his valet, Brock, played by that brilliant actor Lionel Belmore, who we have since seen in many big films, covered him with a rug, the seat and back of the couch was on a swivel which swung out, enabling Post to roll out of sight, and his "stand-in" rolled back in his place, the opening being covered by the rug, which Brock was ostentatiously covering over the couch. "The Nigger" was a particularly strong play based on the colour question. It was thought that Australian audiences would not be able to take it. However, the artistry of Post carried it through. A highlight of the show was the fine acting of the veteran Australian actress Katie Towers, as the Nigger Mammy. We saw Guy Bates Post on a return visit, when he played "The Climax" with Dorothy Brunton. I picked up with both these artists again on a trip to New York. They had been to England and South Africa, and Post was going to stage the mystery drama, "The Wrecker," in New York; unfortunately it failed, and he lost a lot of money on the enterprise. Post, by the way, was the first to suggest that we hang out a sign in front of the theatre "Sorry, house full; try next performance," instead of the usual laconic sign "House Full." We could add to these memories, but "time marches on." I often wonder what has happened to many of those delightful people who passed up the lane and through the stage door to entertain and delight us in those peaceful times.



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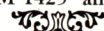
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Players Doing a Great Job in War Effort — Joe Davis Hands Over First Ambulance to Red Cross — Money Pouring in from Cueists — Womenfolk Lending Hefty Hand

Billiard players might well feel pleased with their efforts to date in war endeavour. Figures published in England in August showed that cueists ranked No. 2 on the list of war charity workers, with golfers holding the lead by a small margin (comparatively) of £5,000. In Australia, Walter Lindrum stands out as an example of individual effort in the way of money garnered, and he is still going strong.

State amateur champion, Les Manglesdorf, is in khaki and stationed, at the moment, in Darwin, where, we are pleased to record, there is no dearth of billiard tables. It seems it is the favourite pastime of the boys up north.

During the month we had a visit from the Victorian champion, Tom Cleary, but owing to shortness of time available, he could not entertain members with his cue artistry. Tommy had a great run in the 1941 championship when he compiled one break of over 200 and five others over the century in a stanza of 2,000 up. A great favourite with all, he expressed himself as amazed with our club when taken the rounds with Percy Smith.

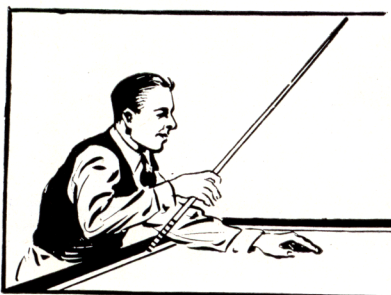
W. ("Billy") Longworth has forsaken his midday haunt and challenge games with Charlie Young. He has gone to Brisbane on victory bent—Final Victory, to be exact. His absence, however, will be short.

Members have taken kindly to the newly furnished room on the second floor, where the atmosphere is ever on an even keel, whether the day be

roasting hot or bitterly cold out of doors.

Freak Shots

During the month two players, more or less of the novice type, played a game of 100-up, in which each scored a ten-shot! Can any member recall such a happening anywhere? Ripley should know about that one. Obviously neither was played for, but the incident will be quoted



If your cue finished up in the air (as illustrated) after completing a stroke, your cueing is definitely bad. Run the cue through the bridge parallel to the table.

through the years. It must be a world record.

Joe Davis, world's snooker champion, has certainly done his bit in the war effort. Joe, who is well known to members, started a "Penny Fund" in England when the war broke out, with the object of buying a fully equipped ambulance. Idea was that losers pay one penny into the fund in addition to paying for the table. The first ambulance has been delivered and the second ordered. When the first was handed over in July of this year, it was actually in action one

hour after delivery. Another "lift" for the grand old game.

Melbourne Inman, twelve times world champion, advises by letter that he will be with us again as soon as transport can be arranged. Mel wants to do a final tour of the world, "and," he writes, "this will not be the first of a number of swan songs. It will definitely be the one and only." He will be welcome whenever he comes. Inman is one of the best story tellers extant, and is always welcome where men congregate. He can still knock the balls about to the tune of four or five hundred or so, and is always entertaining.

Although womenfolk of Australia have not taken kindly to billiards, same does not apply in England, where several champions are kept in constant employment. Miss Joyce Gardner, seven times Women's Billiards Champion, has given her services, by way of exhibition, to the Red Cross, and has handed over slightly more than £1,000—£1,010 to be exact. Claude Falkiner, another ex-champ. who strutted his stuff in Australia, recently did a tour of England for the same object as Miss Gardner, and handed in £433 on his return.

Verily, we billiard players are doing our share, but all will learn with regret that Tom Newman, another champion, is laid aside for repairs in hospital, and due for his third throat operation in six months.

Here's to our next merry meeting on the green cloth.

RACING FIXTURES

1942

JANUARY

Tattersall's Club (New Year's Day) **Thursday, 1st**
 Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 10th
 Ascot Wednesday, 14th
 Rosehill Saturday, 17th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 21st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 24th
 A.J.C. Monday, 26th
 Kensington Wednesday, 28th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 31st

FEBRUARY

Victoria Park Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Ascot Wednesday, 11th
 Ascot Saturday, 14th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 18th
 Moorefield Saturday, 21st
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 25th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 28th

MARCH

Kensington Wednesday, 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 11th
 Rosehill Saturday, 14th
 Ascot Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 Rosebery Wednesday, 25th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 28th

APRIL

Kensington Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 15th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 18th
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 22nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 29th

MAY

Canterbury Park Saturday, 2nd
 Rosebery Wednesday, 6th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 9th
 Kensington Wednesday, 13th
 Moorefield Saturday, 16th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 20th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 23rd**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 27th
 Moorefield Saturday, 30th

JUNE

Ascot Wednesday, 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 13th
 A.J.C. Monday, 15th
 Kensington Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 27th

JULY

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 Victoria Park Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
 Moorefield Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Kensington Saturday, 25th
 Ascot Wednesday, 29th

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 1st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 3rd
 Rosebery Wednesday, 5th
 Rosehill Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosebery Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 Moorefield Saturday, 22nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 26th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 29th

SEPTEMBER

Rosebery Wednesday, 2nd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 5th
 Kensington Wednesday, 9th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 12th**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 16th
 Rosehill Saturday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 23rd
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 26th
 Ascot Wednesday, 30th

OCTOBER

A.J.C. Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. Monday, 5th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 7th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 10th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 14th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 17th
 Kensington Wednesday, 21st
 Rosehill Saturday, 24th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 28th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

NOVEMBER

Ascot Wednesday, 4th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 7th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 11th
 Rosehill Saturday, 14th
 Kensington Wednesday, 18th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 21st
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 25th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 28th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 5th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 9th
 Rosehill Saturday, 12th
 Ascot Wednesday, 16th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 23rd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 26th
 Kensington Monday, 28th
Tattersall's Club **Wednesday, 30th**



BATHURST — City of the Plains

IN December, 1813, George W. Evans, Deputy Surveyor General of N.S.W. looking down from Mount Blaxland, beheld that land of luxuriance which he named Bathurst Plains after the Earl of Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Continuing the journey westerly, Evans, with his party of five men, crossed the River Lett, passed up and over the ridge of the Great Divide and proceeded along the Fish, Campbell and Macquarie Rivers to the present site of Bathurst.

Within a few months of this discovery, Governor Macquarie instructed Lieutenant William Cox to construct a road over the Blue Mountains to connect Sydney and Bathurst, and within six months—on January 21st, 1815—the work, comprising 101½ miles of excellent road, was completed.

In April 1815 Governor and Mrs. Macquarie, accompanied by a distinguished party, paid a visit to Bathurst, and on Sunday, May 7th, 1815, the Governor officially named the town to the cheers of the party and volleying musket fire.

The first main settlement, however, was at Kelso on the near side of the river, and Governor Macquarie appointed William Cox as the first magistrate.

Some three years later Macquarie again visited Bathurst, and made grants of 50 acres of land, 4 bushels of seed wheat, a cow and a servant to each of 10 new settlers. He further provided them with allotments in the town, and ordered that they be provisioned from the King's stores.

Among the early pioneers are found the honoured names of Suttor, MacPhilly, Ranken, Stewart, Campbell, Rotton,

Kerr, Piper, Hawkins, Lowe, Cox, Busby, Lawson, Icely, Marsden, McKenzie, Macbattie, Rutherford, Gilmore, Webb and Cousins.

The first mail coach from Parramatta to Bathurst was pioneered in 1824 by Messrs. James Smith and Thomas Fuller, who guaranteed the time of the journey to be 4 days with passengers, or five days with baggage; fares were 20/- per passenger, and 1/- for a letter.

In 1825 Governor Brisbane organised a troop of cavalry to coerce the natives who were committing outrages, and this cavalry, known as "Stewart's Police," also did good work in suppressing crime. Up to 1832 Bathurst was only a penal settlement, for Kelso still remained the township, but following on instructions to the Surveyor General, Sir Thomas Mitchell, that the town of Bathurst be opened without delay, on January 24th, 1833, a notice to this effect appeared in the Government Gazette.

Conditions were not easy for the early settlers of Bathurst, for from 1836, years of drought ensued when as much as £5 was paid for a goat to provide milk for an infant, and neighbours when visiting carried their own bread with them.

Edward Hargraves discovered gold at Summerhill Creek in February 1851, and following on this find, men ransacked the countryside for gold which the diggers found at Ophir, Lewis Pond, Wattle Flat, Sofala, and all along the Turon River.

Kerr's Hundredweight, carried ceremoniously into Bathurst turned the scales at 106lbs. Later Beyer and Holtermann's nugget and Krohmann's cake of gold were valued at £12,000 and £20,000 respectively.

A record flood swept the district in 1867, when the Denison Bridge collapsed, although, fortunately no one received injury.

On November 13th, 1862, Bathurst was declared a Municipality, with Mr. Cousins as the first Mayor.

It is interesting to note that Bathurst in these early days, became the headquarters of that vast network of coaching lines with which Cobb & Co. interlaced the inland towns.

At a cost of £2,112,000 a railway line from Parramatta to Bathurst was constructed and the line opened by Sir Hercules Robinson on April 4th, 1876, and in 1885 the town of Bathurst became a city; in 1887 the waterworks were completed, and the gas service opened in 1888.

The district produces some of the world's best merino wool, fat lambs, cattle and dairy herds, also thorough-

bred horses which uphold the traditions of the turf.

Wheat and maize are grown, and the district is noted for its dairy produce of butter, bacon and ham; furthermore, asparagus growing and canning, a fairly recent development in the district, can be described as a flourishing industry capable of producing a commodity equal to the overseas article.

Worthy of special mention is the Bathurst Experiment Farm commenced in 1895, and the town boasts two newspapers, the "Western Times" and the "National Advocate" also a radio station—2 BS.

More than 10,000 people now reside in the Municipality of Bathurst which, by day, is a city of spacious beauty, with its tree-lined streets, parks, imposing buildings, and handsome churches, and the tall Carillon tower in Macbattie Park, erected to the memory of the Anzacs of the 1st World War; by night Bathurst is a blaze of lights, and the rays from the flood-lighted Carillon tower shed their lustre on the scene.

Gone are the bark houses, the thatched roofs of the first settlers, gone are the makeshifts of those early heroic days, and in their stead stands Bathurst—a place of beauty and a monument to the enduring spirit of the pioneers who made it.



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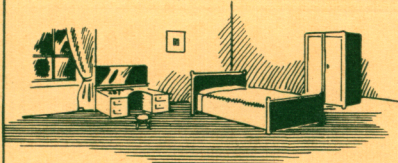
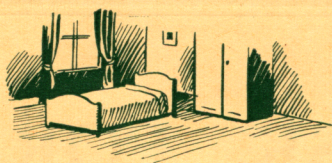


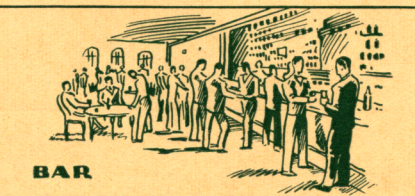
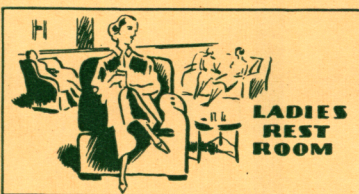
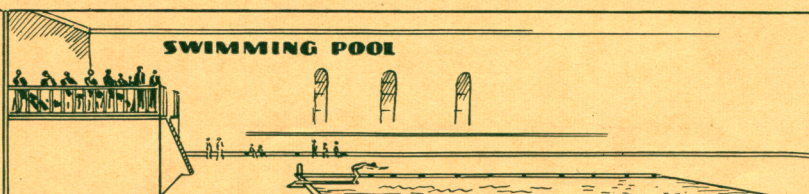
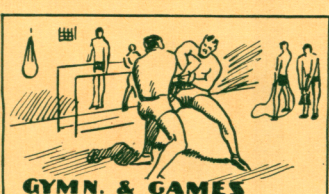
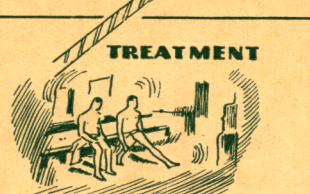


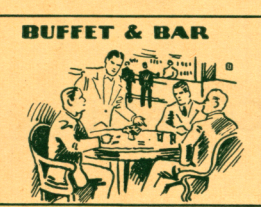
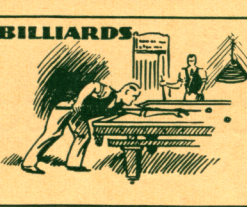
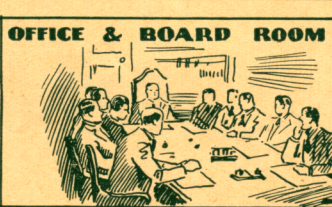

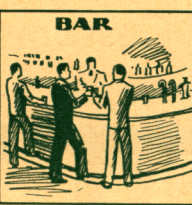



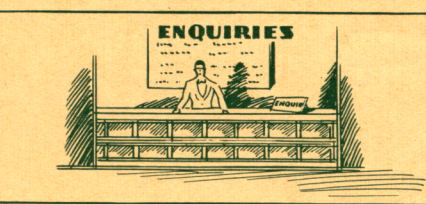


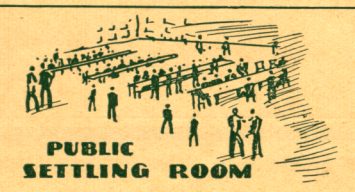
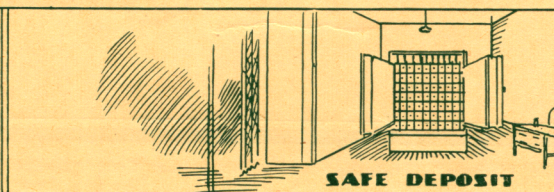
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130 PITT STREET

===== Nearly Opposite General Post Office =====

ACTIVITIES OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 <p>BEDROOMS</p> 			FLOOR 5	
 <p>DINING ROOM</p>	 <p>LOUNGE</p>	 <p>BAR</p>	FLOOR 4	
 <p>LADIES REST ROOM</p>	 <p>SWIMMING POOL</p>		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 <p>GYMN. & GAMES</p>	 <p>TREATMENT</p>			FLOOR 3
 <p>CARD ROOMS</p>	 <p>BUFFET & BAR</p>	 <p>BILLIARDS</p>	 <p>OFFICE & BOARD ROOM</p>	FLOOR 2
 <p>CLUB ROOM</p>	 <p>BAR</p>	 <p>BARBER</p>	 <p>GROCERIES</p> <p>TELE- PHONES</p>	FLOOR 1
 <p>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</p>	 <p>ENQUIRIES</p>	 <p>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</p>		GROUND FLOOR
 <p>STORE ROOMS</p>	 <p>PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM</p>	 <p>SAFE DEPOSIT</p>		BASE- MENT

ASK FOR IT!

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE
Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Quality Never Varies